

1992

## The College News 1992-4-9 Vol.13 No. 9

Students of Bryn Mawr College

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# THE COLLEGE NEWS

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

APRIL 9, 1992

## Gender Gap effects in the wake of Thomas' confirmation

By Nadine Allaf

In a recent Ms. Magazine issue, a headline declared the "Return of the Gender Gap—Just in Time for November," the headline and the accompanying article could not have been more correct. The Gender Gap, as explained by Ann Lewis, the author, is the "difference in voting behavior by a particular segment of the electorate [women]...that regularly makes the difference in hotly contested elections" (January/February 1992 issue).

This past March, the Democratic primary was held for the nominee to the Illinois senatorial race. The incumbent was Democrat Alan Dixon. His political career began in 1949, and he has never been defeated in an election since—that

is until this March, when Carol Moseley Braun beat him in the above-mentioned primary (Walsh, E. *The Washington Post*, 3/18/92, p.A23). She beat him and a third candidate thanks to the gender gap.

Braun, an African-American woman, decided to enter the primary after the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearing, in which Senator Dixon voted in favor of Thomas' confirmation; Isabel Wilkerson of the *New York Times* described Braun's reaction as one of disgust at "what seemed to her [Braun]...an elitist, white men's club." She ran a rather low-key and grassroots campaign (3/19/92, p.A20), gaining support among "liberals, women, and suburbanites."

In fact, she did not even run television advertisements until the last week of the

primary. Her opponents, Senator Dixon and Al Hofeld, the third candidate and millionaire lawyer, had much more money and ran extensive negative advertising campaigns against one other (Walsh, E., *The Washington Post*, 3/18/92, p.A23). In the end, it was she who won.

Who were her supporters? Over eighty percent of the black electorate and over forty percent of the female electorate voted for her. The main reason? It was these people's anger over the Clarence Thomas issue. The white male vote was split between the two male candidates (*Facts on File*, vol 52, #2678, 3/19/92, p.186).

Does this sound like "Gender Gap"? Yes, it does. The female vote, both white and African-American, was instrumental in Braun's defeat of the incumbent and the millionaire. After all, there are more women than men, and many women were angered and alienated by the Clarence Thomas hearing

(Wilkerson, I., *The New York Times*, 3/19/92, p.A20).

Of course, there were other reasons Braun won. She has very good record; as the recorder of deeds for Cook County, she streamlined her department, "instituted a core of ethics that eliminated political patronage," and is seen as a "bridgebuilder." The current anti-incumbent atmosphere, and the smear campaign Dixon and Hofeld unleashed against each other allowed her to be viewed as the "level-headed alternative to two men caught up in a schoolyard fist fight" (Wilkerson, I., *The New York Times*, 3/19/92, p.A20).

This November, Braun faces Rich Williamson, the Republican nominee. If she wins the Senatorial race, she would be the first African-American woman in the Senate and only the fourth African-American in the Senate (Wilkerson, I., *The New York Times*, 3/19/92, p.A20). If the gender gap persists, she may very well be.



The outgoing and incoming Editors of *The Howl* at the magazine's coming out party on March 31.

## In defense of *The Howl*

By Karen Rebecca Tolchin and Julie Margot Fanburg

Although eighty-seven years of archaeological and algorithmic prowess are impressive, these accomplishments alone just wouldn't do it for the nineties. Bryn Mawr required a new vintage of Mawrter—perky—in order to remain progressive. Bryn Mawr's bellies were aching to laugh for nearly a century, ever since BMC's first humor magazine, *The Fortnightly Philistine*, died in 1903 when the P.C. Headless Horsewoman bludgeoned the editor-in-chief for the article about the scores of headless people it takes to screw in a light bulb.

As a sophomore, neither archaeologically nor algorithmically inclined, Karen Tolchin founded *The Howl* in 1989 to add levity to Bryn Mawr, and the campus hasn't been the same since: Twinkies, beer halls, panty raids. From its humble beginnings of scotch tape and ragged type on the floor of a sophomore single to the present day, (of scotch tape and ragged type on the floor of a senior single), *The Howl* has grown to be an institution at Bryn Mawr.

A core staff of thirty of Bryn Mawr's most talented editors, satirists, poets, artists, cartoonists and businesswomen work extremely hard during long hours with hardly any pizza to bring you this

quality publication. "I started *The Howl* because I saw that people were achieving great things at Bryn Mawr, but happiness was rarely one of them," explains Karen. "In our efforts to be taken seriously in the world, in our academics, and for our accomplishments, we are afraid to poke fun at ourselves and be ridiculous."

Every year *The Howl* has been the source of great controversy: the vegetarian saxophonists from Bulgaria always feel under-represented, and we have been cruel and unfair in our placement of semicolons. Every year there is a feminist critique of the magazine: a protest, a rally, an editor burnt in effigy. We do believe that women's humor has the potential to be different than much of the mainstream rot. We do not believe it is necessary to target weak and defenseless individuals in order to get a laugh, and it is for this reason that most of our humor is self-deprecating: we lampoon the consummate Mawrter in all her glory.

We understand that the hot topic this issue is Vicky Lepore's "A Modest Proposal." To those who cry in outrage, "What about sisterhood?" we say this—we want sisterhood as much as the next guy. However, just as there is awkwardness in our relations with Haverford men, so too does it exist in our relationship  
*see The Howl defended on pg. 3*

## It only hurts when I laugh: *The Howl* 1992

By Emily Cotlier

What's the matter? Don't I have a sense of humor? Can't I take a joke? Why can't I lighten up and forget about being P.C.? Hey—it's nothing serious, they're just kidding! What am I so uptight about?

You probably hear some of these phrases when you speak up against a joke or "funny" insult that you find offensive or hurtful. I hope you get angry about it, when it happens. I do. I think I have a sense of humor—I write and draw the cartoon strip "Suffragette City" for this paper, and I've contributed to *The Howl*, the BMC humor magazine.

Last year, I was pleased to have had three pieces accepted by *The Howl*. I wasn't entirely impressed by the magazine when it came out, but I was glad to have my work in the magazine, and glad to have a humor magazine on campus. This year, I wasn't as involved: I could not attend any of the editorial meetings, and I did not submit as many pieces. I don't know if my involvement would have made any difference, but I wish I would have tried, because I think this issue of *The Howl* is awful, and I'm ashamed to be associated with it.

In this issue of *The Howl*, we are presented with the following humor pieces for our delectation: "Lead Pipe Dreams," a disjointed fantasy wherein a Mawrter decides she is going to shoot an annoying woman. This stunt leads to tremendous media attention, and she is offered a contract through marriage to Disney's chief executive, and is showered with acclaim. Mm-hm.

Well, violence against women is awfully prevalent in our society, and if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Of course it is

funny. I'm dying. "L'Amour (Circa Seventh Grade)" and "How To Fuck a Ford" take us on a rollicking ride through the wacky world of date rape. "L'Amour" is a childhood tale of sexual initiation and intimidation. And the "Ford" article—simply everyone knows that Mawrters are desperate for any men at all. Unfortunately for us, no Fords qualify as men, let alone as dates, and we can't expect them to be anything but horny little boys.

What? Women go to Haverford too? "A Modest Proposal" proposes the deportation of all Haverford women from the bi-co community. Women are a useful commodity—Haverford women aren't human beings either; and we can trade them to U Penn for some real men, and auction off the rejects at Villanova. Or we can just enslave them and rent them out. But, in my personal opinion, the *Howl* feature that takes the most tasteless piece of cake is the cartoon on page 25. A little girl is speaking to a grown man, saying to him "If you come up into the woods with me, mister, I'll give you a beer."

Are you laughing yet? No?

You mean you do not find sexual abuse, killing people, and dehumanizing and insulting Fords funny? What a coincidence—neither do I. I cannot say how upset I am that this National Lampoon-like travesty is being presented as the humor of Bryn Mawr women. The magazine's image on campus is such that, whenever I asked an articulate, funny feminist woman to contribute to *The Howl*, they refused as if I was asking them to have a clitoridectomy.

Considering the magazine's editorial policy, I can not fault their decision. I was disgusted by Vicky Lepore's "Modest  
*see The Howl critiqued on pg. 3*



## safety concerns for all Mawrters

see centerpread on pages six and seven



## The Day of Difference: another step towards multicultural understanding

To the community:

I'd like to commend Laura Brower ("My Lack of Multicultural Education," *The College News*, March 26) for admitting that she feels guilty and scared. She feels that she doesn't deserve even the "hello" of some students at Bryn Mawr College because she is pale, and they are brown.

Laura feels a certain guilt because she has seen some of the anger of African-American students; she has felt it directed at her. She sees their anger as "legitimate" because of the U.S.'s racist majority society and culture. She is scared because she doesn't align herself with this detestable culture, and yet she is perceived to be its promulgating force because of her skin color.

It's no easy task to realize that one has been a cog in a slowly turning wheel in a machine that has been rolling for centuries. Laura was born into it, and like many others, could have died in it just as well, but she is taking the necessary look at herself and realizing that she knows a lot better.

Laura, it took a lot of guts to have that letter printed for all to see. Now you've taken your guilt into your own hands. Now maybe you can work to transform it into joy, or love, for yourself and for the others whom you think hate your guts for being white.

Let's face it: there's a lot of hatred out there in the world. There's a lot of hatred for The Man, for the patriarchy, for heterosexuals, for homosexuals, for blacks, for whites, for 'spics, for honkies, for niggers, for faggots, for chinks, for dykes, for women, for men, for the poor, for the rich, for the bourgeoisie...

Hatred is so common, and worthless. How unoriginal to hate someone.

There's also a lot of guilt, and a lot of fear. Everybody feels guilty for something, and everyone has something to be scared of, too. Usually we feel guilty about ourselves, and we feel scared of others, at least if we have delved far enough into our souls to admit anything beyond our

defense mechanisms.

In this sense, guilt and fear are good. It is a blessing to have the chance to understand what it means to be scared of something you can't control, like the way you look, or the way you live your life, or where you were raised and how. For some, this blessing comes early in life, from birth.

For others, it takes longer. And it can sometimes be more insidiously painful that way, like a bolt of lightning smacking you on the head. For many, it's all too easy

to slip away from life without the lovely opportunity to be a minority somewhere, or to be chastised for reasons superficial to our common existence as human beings.

Guilt and fear can pave the way to progress. We must take steps and realize for ourselves that all is not well in Earth Land. We feel guilty, angry, scared and aggravated over our planet's history, because we carry it in our blood and in our skin, and we feel obliged to be a part of it.

Guilt and fear can also destroy our future if we manipulate and control other people's feelings. If a black person says to a white person, "You are white, and I hate you, because your culture oppresses me," that white person is likely to react in any number of ways, but will assuredly feel guilty at the base of all reactions. If a white person says to a black person, "I will oppress you, because your skin color is not the same as mine," that black person might say or do any number of things, but will assuredly feel scared at the root of all senses.

These are common behavior patterns in daily American society, although I have simplified them here. The type of communication which avoids real feelings comes in many forms.

I say, let's stop the hatred, because as I said, it's so unoriginal. And I say, let's admit the guilt, and let's admit the fear, because, come on everyone, we all feel it

sometimes. Live in denial if you want to, but if you're a person, there are places where you feel unwanted and scared enough to pee in your pants. If you're human, there are times when you feel so guilty about who you are that you want to shed your skin, your hair, your genitalia, your fingernails and your *whatever* and just be, so that no one will notice you and no one will make you feel scared for existing anymore.

We all feel that way sometimes, some much deeper than others, and some maybe unconsciously at this point, but we all feel it, and we all have the potential to feel it. This realization leads to progress.

Let's take that guilt, and that fear, and get rid of it. No, don't just get rid of it; take it and transform it into something less selfish, and less common. I'm tired of watching people destroy themselves because of how they hurt, or how they are wounded. Yes, you're feeling bad, it's all anyone ever *talks* about; tell me something new for a change! Stop ripping your hair out over things you can't control, because believe it or not, there will come a day when it won't be this way anymore.

I saw a glimpse of it on Saturday, March 28, at the Day of Difference at Haverford. I was one of the people who planned it; we came up with the idea at the Tri-College Winter Institute last January. The idea was to do something positive for once that could include everyone.

We were going on the base assumption that we have all felt hatred, guilt and fear at some point, and are ready to move on to building some bridges instead of drowning in the water. Of course, there are still people who don't know that the river exists, but the people drowning in the water don't have time to worry about them right now. And the people who have the materials to build the bridges—well, there's a lot of work to be done.

The Day of Difference was an attempt to that end: it was a festival of colors.

shapes and sizes; it was a chance to see groups with similar goals or radically different ones to all get together to announce themselves to the tri-co community. It was up to the individuals in the community to hear the message—but I think the people who were there for the performances, exhibitions, readings and discussions would have had to have eyes shut tight and ears plugged up not to notice that there was a heavy message of positiveness and progress being conveyed, along with a good ol' time.

What struck me (and I rarely have the chance to be struck in this way) was how a group of people from different backgrounds, with similar high energy levels, and keen observation skills, can get together at any time or place, and accomplish goals like no other group.

This was clear to me every moment of that Saturday as I watched people milling about, educating each other, trading phone numbers, talking about the state of affairs in Thailand, dancing a Filipino step for fun, addressing diversity in the tri-co community with reference to the Black Students League, and then relating that to gay and lesbian students on campus. When else is this done except

when you bring together people who present a view that only they can offer?

We were not on the street, rioting, spray painting each other different colors, smearing walls with nasty words, or leaving little notes of spite under each other's doors. All of that is

foolishness when you have the hands, minds, hearts and bodies of many working together to build that bridge.

It may be that I'm romanticizing the day's events, but for me it was euphoric. I turned to the left, and I was challenged; I turned to the right, and I was enlightened. I looked down, and I felt good about being who I am.

The people who were there performing (we saw Scottish Country Dance, Native American Dance, Israeli Students

see *Building bridges* on pg. 4

**Hatred is so common and worthless. How unoriginal to hate someone**

**Now you've taken your guilt into your own hands. Now maybe you can transform it into joy, or love**

### THE COLLEGE NEWS

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#### Editors

Nadine Allaf  
c-7, 649-5098  
anu jain  
c-166, x5870  
Ellen Sweeney  
c-328, x5843

#### Arts Editor

Kyong Yun

#### Editorial Board

Annick Barker, Laura Brower,  
Amy Cavellier, Miriam Cope,  
Tanya Galloni, Wendy  
Gonaver, Jackie Hirsch, Nicole  
Troncale, Kyong Yun.

#### Photo Editor

Kathleen Carroll

#### Graphics

Monica Farrow

#### Ladies of the issue

Protectors of our honor from  
the Bi-Co wolves:  
Laura Brower, Miriam Cope,  
and Monica Farrow

Our next deadline is Friday, April 17. Letters and articles should be left in front of our Denbigh office or put in our mailbox (c1716) by 5:00pm. All submissions should be on a Mac disk. We will accept articles written by women and letters from men. All opinions expressed in articles and letters are those of the authors only and are not representative of the opinions of the Ed board.

**STATEMENT OF PURPOSE:** The College News is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

## Dismayed response to Ms. Brower

To Whom it May Concern:

I have just finished reading Laura Brower's article, "My Lack of Multicultural Education" (*The College News*, March 26, 1992), for the third time. Why?

Early in the article, Brower speaks of her fears when addressing African-Americans on campus, "Somewhere, I feel that I don't truly deserve her 'Hello' contribution to my social life. I feel guilty, because I know her anger is legitimate." I feel that Ms. Brower makes quite an assumption when believing that every time any black person on campus spots a white person, she is seething with anger over "centuries of oppression" heaped onto "her people." This may be hard to believe, but perhaps that black woman is simply thinking, "Hello."

Secondly, Brower speaks of the International Students Orientation (which was also an orientation for Minority Students participating in assorted programs) at which a "self-declared" WASP Mawrter was verbally attacked for having said something which was interpreted as: "I am the epitome of U.S. society."

Being an incoming minority student participating in a special program, I was there and had something to say. The woman was "attacked" because she spoke on a very touchy subject, and did not present her point in a way that indicated that there is anything wrong with her being the "epitome of U.S. society."

You see, African-Americans whose

roots in America span back for centuries are still considered immigrants, even though U.S. society could not be as rich or as developed as it is without them (in addition to other minority groups). Perhaps it is good that the anger in our voices scared Ms. Brower to tears for the simple reason that now, she might not say "the same without thinking twice."

Also, Ms. Brower brings up an incident in Erdman and refers to herself as "a destroyer of African-American culture," simply because she was taking down some pictures of black people. Get real! What she heard was nothing more than 'black humor.' African-American culture is much more than a bunch of posters, and it will continue centuries after she and I have become dust in the earth.

Finally, I ask Ms. Brower to get over her guilt and from it. I would also like to add that Ms. Brower condones a racist society more than she knows, because when she looks at me, I seriously doubt that she sees Chizoma the person, she sees a black person—and she feels self-conscious talking to me.

I am many things; black is not the first, nor the last thing about me. As the article ends, Brower states that she cannot escape the color of her skin. There is no reason for her to apologize for being white; after all, I am very proud to be black. It is time for everyone (Brower included) to realize that black and white are not good and bad (or bad and good), they just are.

Chizoma O. Ihekere, '95



# The state of BMC

By Arati Vasan

The other day yet another representative from a Democratic presidential campaign called me. He wanted to speak to the President of our Young Democrats. I always have to smile a bit as I carefully explain that Bryn Mawr does not have a Young Democrats League, or a young anything for that matter.

In fact, Bryn Mawr does not have any organized politically affiliated group. Of course at this point I hear a pause at the end of the line as visions of politically inactive and ignorant women flash through his head. Women who think the Electoral College is Quinipac, WI. I try to save him from verbalizing this gaffe by saying, "Bryn Mawr students are very politically aware and often have fervent partisan and nonpartisan beliefs..."

I say this, and yet wonder how politically aware any Mawrtyr is on a large scale when in CAMPUS ELECTIONS, comments ranging from, "I do not know who any of them are" to "are you kidding me?" greeted students handing out ballots the past couple of elections.

Have we, in trying to create an ideal election, made the process so boring and unrealistic that no one cares anymore? Perhaps if candidates were allowed a free-for-all of few guidelines, where nothing is sacred and little is ideal, we would attain a level of political awareness more in keeping with the "real

world."

Such thoughts came to people's mind in looking at the difficulties with the past elections at BMC. Can you imagine if Bill Clinton had to ask Jerry Brown's permission before he ran an advertisement? No, so why would we "baby" the process by making our own candidates strive for anything better? That is, however, precisely the point.

As frustrating as it is to deal with guidelines and re-run elections, it is only because we strive to make our community, and ultimately the outside world, better and set a higher standard of conduct and integrity for ourselves than many world leaders could profess.

Each of us, in our own way, is a leader of tomorrow. We are the only ones who can make the ideals we set for our community part of society's tomorrow. If only for that hope, this cynicism and desire for "reality" must not erode the belief that the guidelines we adhere to make us not only better community members, but better members of our world.

It is precisely because we are politically aware that we must try and go beyond the fragile, minimal standards which the current national political machine abides by. If we can't expect more out of ourselves in the standards we set for elections and awareness on our own campus, how can we honestly expect the nation to do any better?



## Howl editors defend the humor of their magazine

continued from from page 1

with Haverford women. Humor alleviates tension. It is our fervent hope that we can generate laughter about our common experiences, and that our sisters at Haverford will be merciless with us, in humor. (If they can.)

Karen says the effigies are the same every year, although this year they may invest in a blonde wig. It should be stated for the record that there is a select group of students, faculty, and administrators on campus with a marvelous sense of

humor who have been undying in their support and encouragement of *The Howl*, which makes it all the more pleasurable to spar with the Humor Impaired.

Nevertheless, in our efforts to bridge the gap with our critics, we have decided to take this course of action. We are currently flogging ourselves with 10 pound frozen halibut until we die.

Karen is the founder of *The Howl* and Julie is the newly-appointed Editor-in-Chief. They both hope you have a nice day.

## A critique of *The Howl*: it is not much of a hoot

continued from page 1

Proposal", but I support her statement that *The Howl* did not inform her about the extensive editing and rewriting of her piece, and that the published piece is not what she wrote or what she meant to say.

I saw *The Howl's* editors do the same thing in their 1991 issue to Eleanor Chin's piece, "Huntin' Season." Eleanor gave me the piece to pass onto *The Howl*, so I had the opportunity to read it. It was a beautifully written, witty, funny story. When the 1991 *Howl* came out, I saw that the piece had been cut by half, with very poor editing. I asked Ms. Chin if she had been informed of the changes, and she said "Nope."

A piece of mine was returned to me with a request for editing—but the piece was a nine-panel cartoon. It's hard to edit cartoons. I didn't want to edit it, and the piece was refused. I do not know why they did not do this with Ms. Lepore and Ms. Chin. This reflects very poor editorial skills on the part of the *Howl* staff, since part of editing is working with authors and creators, not merely playing God with their works.

Okay. So *The Howl* is drawing on violent, women-hating jokes to obtain humor and is being assembled by very amateur editors. So what? If *The Howl* is not funny, what is?

For me, humor has been several things. It has been a shelter from cruel people who thought they were being funny—if I could make myself laugh, I would not need anyone else to cheer me up. It has been a support on awful days, in stressful weeks—making jokes out of my problems reduced them to something I could deal with. It is also a way to have fun, to bring out the absurdity of life.

What sort of things are the funniest? The things that are closest to life itself, that magnify events and bring them close. Sarcasm, irony, surrealism, absurdity, exaggeration, and wit all deal with accurate perceptions of reality, or make us aware of it by their distortion. Truth is always present. Why do we laugh at funny things? Our laughter is an acknowledgement of that truth and of its humor. We laugh in celebration of that truth. We laugh until we cry and ache in freeing acknowledgement of life's pain and misfortunes. We laugh in celebra-

tion of life, of being alive.

Because of this, humor is not always tasteful.

Why should it be?

I have laughed myself silly at well-told roadkill stories, I laugh at non-P.C. sexual

metaphors, I create jokes about sado-masochistic breakfast cereal.

"It's okay as long as it's funny" means, by association, "It's okay as long as it's true." Life is not genteel and well-behaved.

But a hurtful joke, a racist joke, a sexist joke, is reflecting somebody's reality.

**The *Howl's* choices in selecting and editing its pieces to present not simply an anti-feminist but an anti-woman view is probably an attempt to avoid being "P.C."**

People who think it is a howl to beat someone up or hurt them emotionally

are projecting their own hatred, trying to make the world conform to them. If you do not think that it is funny, they will say to you "Can't you

take a joke? Where's your sense of humor?" In other words, "I find degrading you funny/realistic. Why don't you?" Someone who refuses to listen to you because you can not take a joke and you have no sense of humor is saying that you are not real. They refuse to listen to you.

Is the humorous romanticization and approval of abuse, violence,

sexual assault, and dehumanization present in *The Howl* meant to appeal to the average Bryn Mawr student? Are we supposed to laugh when we're hurt? I do not think so. *The Howl* does.

As the only humor magazine on campus, it has a unique perspective and a powerful voice. *The Howl's* choices in selecting and editing its pieces to present not simply an anti-feminist but an anti-woman view to the community is probably an attempt to avoid being "P.C." The magazine's smug and puerile conservatism supports this. But the cruel, insecure world it presents to us through its material rings false.

One of the most common comments I have heard from people reading *The Howl* is "This isn't true. I'm not like this. My friends aren't like this. We don't hate Fords/rape Mawrters/like the graphics." They invariably follow this with "I don't think this is funny." And they are right.

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# Spit VIII: "I am squerrel, hear me scurry"

By Lourdes-Marie Katherin Desjardine  
Prophete

As a freshman... freshwoman... freshwomyn...and my personal favorite, "super funky freshwomyn with an attitudinal 'y,'" I have gone through many changes since walking through the Pembroke arches. One of them is an increased awareness of minority groups on campus and how the womyn on this campus choose to deal with them. And I finally must speak out.

A group on this campus is being silenced. I can no longer stand their quiet pain. Some of you might already guess of which group I speak. I hope you, too, can join your voices to mine. I speak of the squirrels or as they prefer to be called

Funky Funky Fresh Squerrels with an attitudinal "e."

Bryn Mawr, let us face this problem! Theyscurry around. They run in our paths and they never say excuse me. There are increasing cases of squerrel attacks. Just the other day, a friend of mine had a squerrel run up her leg. The squerrels on this campus are angry! It is time that the students and the faculty dealt with the issues unique to this minority group. For example, how

many of us just ignore them because we do not want to feel uncomfortable? We

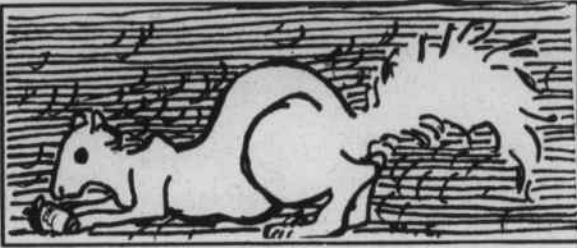
see them congregate at the squerrel tree and just pass by. Have you hugged a squerrel lately?

The squerrels want a voice in the social and administrative network of the school. I admit that I do not know exactly how their needs should be met. Maybe more squerrel-centric courses should be offered. Some squerrels have requested a squerrel house which would be named "Rocky House: The Squerrel Cultural

Center." People could start wearing buttons and shirts with the squerrel symbol: a brown acorn, to show support.

And there should be a group just for squerrels on this campus. Of course there will be the old argument: I'm not a squerrel, but I am sympathetic to their plight and I want to learn more about their historical and cultural contributions to society; why can't I join? Maybe there will be a special group where squerrels and nonsquerrels can come together and discuss their differences. However, this issue is too broad to be addressed here.

I just want to bring this issue out of the tree holes and into the public eye. And I leave you with this, the squerrel motto: I am squerrel, hear me scurry! We are here, we are everywhere!



The Lesbian Alumnae Association invites current students to "Soiree II" on May 30 at 8:30 p.m. in Goodhart Music Room. Attendance for students is free, in exchange for work. Interested students should contact Sara at 527-5536.

## Dykes To Watch Out For



Alison Bechdel will be at  
Haverford on Thursday, April 16 at  
7:00 p.m. in Stokes Auditorium.

## Dykes To Watch Out For





**The Bryn  
Mawr -  
Haverford  
Debate  
Society  
announces:  
The 3rd  
Annual  
Tournament  
on April  
10th and  
11th at  
Haverford  
College.  
Call Melissa  
Bristol at  
x5752 if you  
would be in-  
terested in  
judging at  
the tourna-  
ment.**

**Building  
bridges**

*continued from  
page 2*

Dance, Tri-Co East Asian Dance, and Neo-Pagan Ritual Music, to give a flavor of the array of performance) finally had a chance to perform in unity. The effect of this was a stronger appreciation for each group, because not only were they skilled, impressive, and fun individually, but they were strengthened because the diversity of performances was so powerful.

Guilt and fear and hatred were left outside the Haverford DC. The focus was on the various groups' ability to enhance one another. If anyone felt guilty yesterday, it was me for not being able to clone myself four times so that I could attend every talk or performance that overlapped others.

So Laura, maybe you didn't make Day of Difference. If you had, you would have had the chance to see and do a lot of things, and talk with people who would have told you, "Guilt is self-deprecating. Acknowledge it, but don't let it sit inside your gut so that you drown in that river. Take my hand, and stop being so afraid, because we're building a bridge here today, and you can cross it too! Look, people are smiling as they work!"

# Plenary

## PLENARY HAS BEEN RESCHEDULED: SUNDAY, APRIL 26 AT 7:00 p.m. IN GOODHART AUDITORIUM

Don't miss out on this opportunity to be a part of...

the First Annual (or so we hope)

**Bryn Mawr College  
Roberto Clemente Middle School Day**

On May 4, 1992, a group of 31 Puerto Rican fifth graders from Roberto Clemente Middle School in North Philadelphia and 10 of their parents will be visiting the campus in an effort to enable the students to not only *see*, but to *take part* in a college environment. They will be going on tours of the campus, attending classes, visiting the gym, and having lunch and dinner in our dining centers. To make this day a success, your assistance is fundamental! You are needed for a wide variety of activities. Escorts for both the students and the parents are needed. People who can speak Spanish would help a lot, but is not necessary. We are trying to make this experience a very individual one for all of the students and the parents...that is, we want them in small groups! That means *many* volunteers are needed for this day. Please consider giving some of your time.

*As for specifics:* The day will start at 9:00 AM and end at 6:30 PM. You can participate throughout the whole day or just part of it. It is the Monday after May Day during the exam review period. If you would like more information about the students, the parents or anything else...*call Mary Sefranek at 526-7649*. To volunteer yourself, fill out the information below and send it to Box C-294 (through BMC/Campus Mail if you are a Haverford student).

I will volunteer on May 4th, 1992 for the  
Roberto Clemente Middle School Day.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Hours I can work \_\_\_\_\_

BOX \_\_\_\_\_

BMC or HC student? \_\_\_\_\_

Phone number \_\_\_\_\_

Questions? Comments?



# How safe do you feel: issues of

## See with your own eyes: issues in public safety

By Leili Towfigh  
with help from Heather Carwile

There are a lot of conflicting ideas about the state of security on this campus. Over the past year, discussions about Bryn Mawr safety have included students, Self-Government Association, administrators such as President McPherson and the deans, members of the Department of Public Safety, such as Steven Heath, officers, alumnae and trustees of the College. I am amazed at the conflicting conceptions about security at Bryn Mawr. The groups involved have not been listening, or looking beyond their own roles in the assessment of safety on campus. From the discussion has emerged a clearer idea of what we need to do, collectively, and how the roles of the above groups interconnect.

It is my opinion that, in the wake of incidents such as the rape of November first, there is a prevalent pattern of hysteria: very little that is productive, preventative or proactive seems to come out of them. It should be possible for that energy to be harnessed by working collectively with students SGA, Public Safety and the Administration. All members of the community—students and SGA, Public Safety and the Administration—want to do a good job and uphold their roles to the fullest extent. However, it seems that the three legs of this "triangle of responsibility" are at present neither equal nor consultative.

At one extreme we have the students who were accosted in their beds, one or both of whom have left Bryn Mawr. At another we have the opinion of President McPherson that Bryn Mawr's campus is the safest place most of the women here will ever live. President McPherson felt that an unnecessary degree of panic has been created about safety at Bryn Mawr. Let's discuss these extremes, and also what lies in between—in reading the following anecdotes, think for yourself whether or not this is the safest place you've ever lived. Is the Main Line free of crime? In reality, is it safe here, and we're just panicking, or are we lucky that more incidents have not happened?

### THINGS THAT MAKE YOU GO, "HMMM..."

It is clear that the safety at Bryn Mawr has improved greatly since Steven Heath was hired. The safety budget has increased significantly over the last few years, and new programs (such as the escort van and student escort service) have been implemented. However, it is clear that there is still something wrong here with the communication between administration and students, the priorities of both, and the honesty of the administration about the true state of things.

The following anecdotes are not designed to place undue responsibility on the Department of Public Safety; the anecdotes are intended to paint a picture of real things, things that have happened here, in our midst. They are also not designed to draw attention away from the active role students must play in bettering their own situation—I will discuss that below.

Think back, those of you who were here, to the abduction incident at Pem Arch, Spring 1991. Does it not strike you as odd that a student would be abducted at knife point and driven around in the trunk of a car for 2 hours, then delivered, physically unharmed, to her doorstep? Did the incident strike you as odd when you first read of it? Did you ask your dean about it, if it did confuse you?

Think back to when the safety alerts were posted about the Denbigh intruder incident. The alerts said that the intruder "attempted to engage the student in sexual intercourse." What does this mean? We have one word for that in the English language, and it is "rape." The intruder attempted to rape the student, not express himself through human sexuality. The word choice on safety alerts affects

the weight that crimes are given. Instead of hearing that an attempted rape occurred on that night, we heard that we had been neglectful about locking doors. Students need to be more vigilant about shutting and locking doors; however, focusing primarily on the failure of students to secure a faulty and poorly designed front door sounds a little like blaming the victim to me.

Think back to early this semester when a Pizza Palace delivery man walked into a Rock bathroom, and pulled aside the shower



curtain when a student was showering. Did you know this had happened? I could find only one safety alert posted anywhere on campus.

Think back to a month ago when you received that report on criminal incidents on campus during 1991. Notwithstanding the fact that there is only one listed incident of

"drunkenness," it is strange that under "abduction" in the Incidents Reported column, there is a number "1." I am assuming that number refers to the Pem arch incident; but what about the fact that additionally, a student was abducted from one of our residence halls in November? True, the incident originated in Philadelphia, but the student was taken once more from the dorm, to be raped again. Seems a strange set of criteria to me.

Early this semester a Haverford man dressed in a baseball cap and trench coat performed a little experiment. He entered Merion Hall under the direct surveillance of Public Safety on two separate nights, around 12 midnight. He was not stopped or questioned—on one night he was not even seen, on another an officer waved hello.

An even more alarming incident: one snowy January night, I was out with two friends around 11:00 pm. We were enjoying the snow, as were a group of freshmen, by the Rhoads' beach. We watched them running across the playing field, laughing, when all of a sudden they stopped in their tracks—a group of about six drunk males, approximately 16-18 years old, carrying sleds, ran up to the women. The males began shouting come-ons at first, then serious sexual taunts and threats about what they would do to the women right there on the field. The freshmen were at first speechless with fright, and then started shouting right back, which unfortunately inflamed the men more.

I ran to the security office to tell the dispatcher what was happening, what the males had said, and where they were at that time, stating that it was important to go over immediately. The officer on duty heard all of this, and said he would go over. After being detained for some time, giving and re-giving my name, explaining the circumstances, listing all the obscenities and threats that had been said, I set out from the Merion office and saw the officer only just setting out, at a slow walking pace. I dashed past him to my friends who were at this point watching the males drinking and shouting under a tree. The officer approached a few minutes later (this is now 10-15 minutes after the original, pressing incident). The males heard his walkie-talkie, which was on high volume, crackling as he approached, and they started running. The officer slipped on the snow and fell on his behind, much to the amusement of the males, who turned and started yelling, "Suck my 30-foot schlong!" and other obscene taunts at him.

The officer was slow in responding to a potentially very dangerous and threatening situation. He did not question the males, or get any information on them. He did not threaten them with recourse though they were trespassing, being abusive on BMC grounds, and consuming alcohol, which is a liability to Bryn Mawr, to boot. The menacing and disrespectful males continued to make a fool of the officer—and of BMC security in

## Bryn Mawr security: does it extend to off-campus students?

By Sara Rubin

As a student who has lived off campus for the past year, I can suggest some improvements which Public Safety could make to better ensure off-campus students' safety.

Currently there are no existing ride or escort programs for off-campus students. I know this because I have called Public Safety and have asked them several times to take me home. I understand that they are probably very busy, and that if they made exceptions for one, they would have to make exceptions for many. I usually do not even think about asking Public Safety for an escort, especially when I have a friend or housemate to walk home with me.

However, on several occasions I have found myself alone on campus late at night because I needed to study at the library, study at the computer center, attend an evening meeting, or hear a lecture. I have been told by the dispatcher that Public Safety does not give escorts or rides because they are not allowed to take the vehicles off campus, and that I would just have to walk home alone (I live about 7

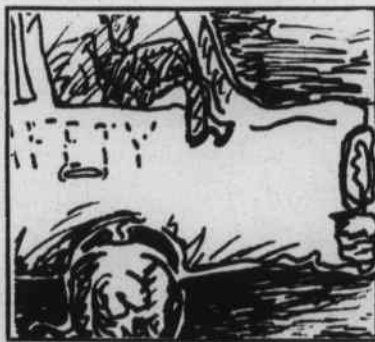
blocks off campus).

I remember one evening, shortly after one of the dorm break-in incidents, I called Public Safety for an escort. They said no, so I just decided to walk home by myself. Up at Montgomery by Mary Pat's house, about 3

blocks off-campus, I was waiting for the traffic light to change when the Public Safety vehicle passed me. Now I am not going to make one of those common cracks about Public Safety's second office being in Dunkin' Donuts, but incidents like this where I see the Public Safety vehicle on Lancaster or around town, passing me

after they have just said that the public safety vehicles are not allowed off campus, have happened often.

I think that if Public Safety is driving off-campus, they certainly could take an off-campus student, who is walking home alone, with them. Furthermore, I believe it is the duty of the college to provide some kind of off-campus escort system for those of us off-campus, especially in light of recent incidents.



C.O.P.S. C.O.P.S. C.O.

THE COMMITTEE ON  
pres

SAFEWALK

Safewalk is a student-run escort week, from 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m. Student anywhere on campus. Call x7301 when you

Some possibilities for the future: and increasing the hours of escorting until needed, as well as people making use of the Brei at x7557.

To get more information on Safewalk which are open to the community: Wednesday 102. Find out about the engraving program and the way to register your bikes with Pub

C.O.P.S. C.O.P.S. C.O.



# public safety at Bryn Mawr

## Developing personal strength and increasing confidence in self-defense class

By anu jain

Have you ever woken up in the middle of the night, heart thumping and a black void surrounding you, with memories of bad dreams lurking in the room with you? If you have, join the club. One of the worst reoccurring nightmares that I have personally faced is one in which I am paralyzed under the weight of an unknown, threatening male, unable to force out the scream sitting in my throat.

While I am not claiming that the self-defense course with Stan Clawar has solved all of my problems, I can say that I haven't had that dream in a while. Part of that is probably because I am actively doing something to confront my fears and am much more conscious of the things I can think about to protect myself.

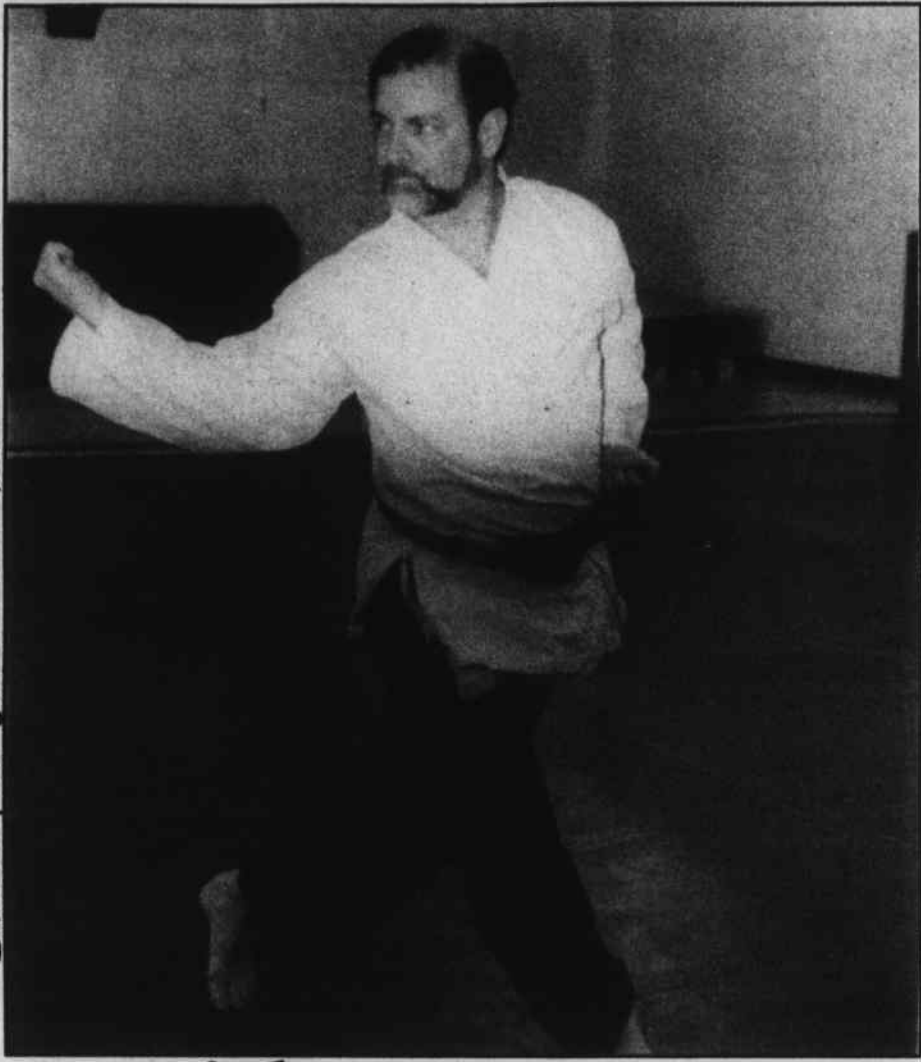
I have heard the arguments against self-defense training. A much heard reason is that self-defense training supposedly engenders a false security in people who then are more likely to take on situations of great danger to themselves. This is one of the things I can actively deny in the structure of the course: the primary points of discussion are ways of avoiding confrontations, as well as lapses in

personal security.

Stan Clawar can be scary sometimes, for he sees dangers for women everywhere—which may in fact exist, but are overwhelming to consider. But, he discusses the ways to avoid such dangers and strongly stresses awareness of our surroundings at all times. The importance of this is that increased awareness leads to increased success in avoiding unsafe conditions.

While I am in no way prepared to or desirous of approaching some hulking man or woman with the intention of taking them down physically, I definitely have more knowledge of some of the things I *can* do if I cannot escape a threatening situation. Not that I am an expert in self-defense; I am just someone who feels as if she can do something to more comfortably exist in a world which is often frightening and hostile.

I would recommend that anyone who can, should take this course. It's a first step in feeling empowered, while stridently not encouraging a feeling of omnipotence. I am still vulnerable, and I know it, but that vulnerability—and more importantly, the feeling of vulnerability—is somewhat palliated by a knowledge of the strengths I possess and the others that I am learning.



© Photo by College News Photo Staff.

## See with your own eyes continued from page 6

general. Bryn Mawr is almost welcoming to men like this, if this is the image and behavior of its officers. Also, no safety alerts were posted about this incident, even though students were traying at those fields until late into that night, and the next. This illustrates my point about "luck"—by chance, nothing happened that night.

I believe in self-government. I have faith that COPS will soon become, in the words of Steven Heath, "as viable as the HA program." Part of that viability consists of listening to student input. Here is some of mine: Historically, many COPS programs have not ad-

ressed real student awareness and vigilance. The idea of a special password to alert others when you are in danger is perhaps viable in isolated and rare instances, but is hardly the first priority in terms of campus safety. I, and many many other students, feel that "COPS quotes," although someone put a lot of work into them, are an insult to our intelligence—it is important to lock doors, but that mode of saying it is condescending and ineffective. The "Dear John" letter was hyped as a comprehensive newsletter from the Department of Public Safety—yet it is a cartoon, stating simply, "Don't walk alone at night." The Escort service is a good idea. For such a

program to work, however, it requires that the Department of Public Safety respond immediately if something goes wrong—the "naked jogger" assaulted two women who were out walking together.

### WHAT YOU CAN DO:

Students must serve as role models and exemplars for campus safety, as this is most influential in changing daily habits (such as questioning strangers, vigilance about reporting all incidents, etc.). There are many things, costing little or no money, that students can do to improve this environment. Students can play a role in improving interpersonal relations with Public Safety; often discourse between officers and students becomes impolite and uncommunicative. Part of students' mistrust stems from the feeling that some of the officers do not understand the gravity or urgency of certain situations. This is largely an issue of language and increased interaction outside of crisis situations. One of the trustees of the college suggested a dorm-based self-defense class that students and officers would undergo together. Another concrete action, which many people still don't do, is to *lock doors*. It has been said, and it will be said again, but criticisms about safety on campus cannot go without that important fact. Nothing gets done quickly in any institution, but student input will speed the implementation of some of following ideas:

- A unified key system, wherein one key opens all the dorms (thereby permitting 24-hour lockup and student 24-hour access, important for universal student access to dining halls).
- Lighting installed like the campus center flood lights, and better response time by physical plant when fixtures aren't working. Currently, the process through which the administration prioritized the need for lighting is that Steven Heath toured the campus at night to determine where he himself felt most unsafe. Such an effort does not approximate the feelings of women, the very students, who live on campus all the time.
- Blue Bus stops at both the Campus Center and Goodhart after dark. This avoids the problem of students walking through the poorly-lit campus to their dorms alone at night.

• Review of parking policies. Faculty and staff receive parking right next to the dorms, yet they are usually not on campus after dark, while students park in remote Erdman and Haffner lots and get home late at night, when the campus is deserted. It is at present unrealistic, given college lifestyle, to expect that



all students can move their cars by 8 am.

The question of Bryn Mawr safety and what is in the best interest of the students, budget and well-being of the College, is determined not just by administrators or officers who make decisions for us. A full and effective consultation is determined by your input, your observations, and your suggestions. So, look around, and see things with your own eyes.

# P.S. C.O.P.S. C.O.P.S

## N PUBLIC SAFETY

# WALK

program that runs every night of the  
s who present tri-co i.d. can be escorted  
ou need an escort.

incorporating Safewalk into work study  
2:00 a.m. But more volunteers are  
service. To volunteer to be an escort, call

walk or C.O.P.S., attend their meetings,  
day nights from 9:00 to 9:30 p.m. in Guild  
on campus to safeguard your belongings  
Public Safety. Everyone is welcome.

# P.S. C.O.P.S. C.O.P.S



# ART & ENTERTAINMENT GRAPHIC

## L7, the art of noise, and all that is cool

By zoe latil

The array of cultural experiences provided by Bryn Mawr never ceases to amaze me. Last Thursday night, I had the infinite amusement of viewing one of the up-and-coming punk/thrash bands which is gaining popularity in the wake of Nirvana's success. I honestly do not understand why L7 was hired, except for the fact that they are a "girl" band, and on a Thursday night, no less— they somehow do not seem like the standard fare, especially considering the popularity of a capella around here.

But it was a highly entertaining experience nevertheless. Rather than being in the Cloisters, the event was moved— because of the low spring temperatures that we seem to be experiencing— to Erdman living room. Not only did Erdman prove to be rather small, the dorm residents were, I understand, not terribly pleased to have their nearly indestructible cement home rattled up as much as it was.

Around eight o'clock, the dorm was besieged by Philly fans, whom I can only describe as a whole lot of skinny males with long forelocks and partially shaved heads, wearing their uniform of destroyed jeans and flannel, accompanied by their equally malnourished girlfriends, sporting hair colors that are not within the known spectrum. They hung out and smoked and exuded a level of coolness that, I am sad to say, may only be possible for a tiny, immeasurably gifted population of the world to culti-

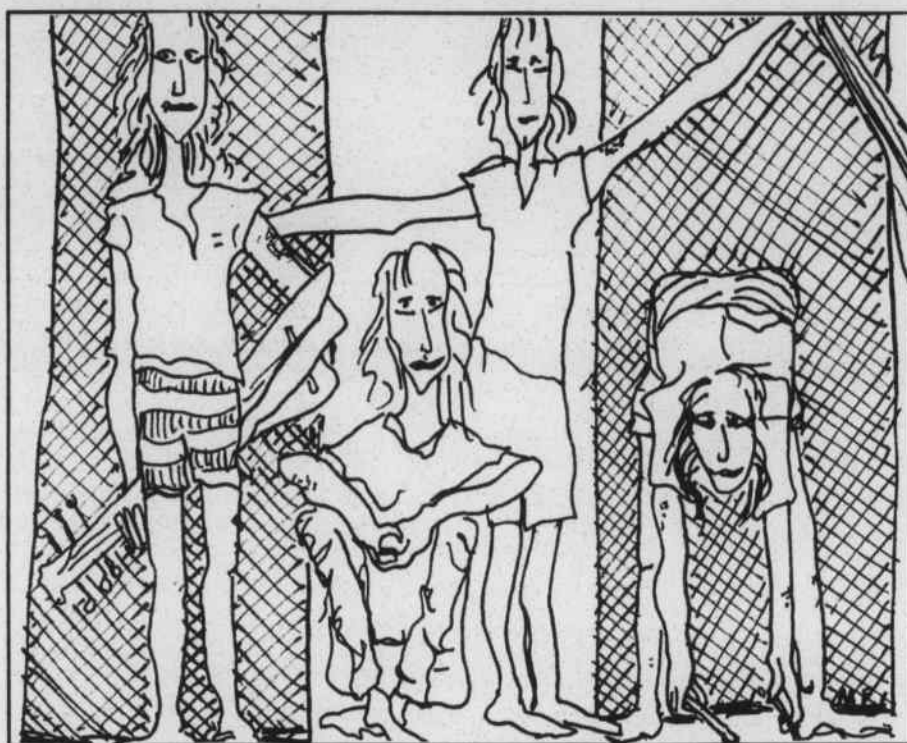
vate.

The band came on nearly at eleven o'clock, after hours of setting up an array of amps nearly as tall as Erdman's doors, as well as a huge number of monitors and cables and the like, and an opening band from Haverford (He-Goat?). Since I was amused by the off-campus crowd, the band itself was worlds better.

The lead singer's jeans were more metaphysical than physical; her hair, at optimum length for headbanging, was streaked with blue and white, and she had apparently so lost control of her lipstick that it appeared that she had a lipstick mustache. The bass player's talents may not have been huge, but she made up for it with a bunch of great tattoos, including one covering her entire back. The other guitarist and the drummer were equally scruffy, and their combined show of leaping and headbanging proved to be nearly as fun as the crowd's reaction, who were slamdancing at points, as well as hurling themselves on top of the crowd.

The music itself can best be described as loud. The idea of melody or lyrics or voices or anything like that was entirely sacrificed to the background of the drums, amplified with reverb to create a truly thunderous sound, and the speed of the guitar playing. Speed is the key, apparently— plus as much aggression as possible.

It was difficult to differentiate the songs from one another and the band maintained a fog of volume that absorbed all



guitar solos and words. But, if noise and anger is the point, they succeeded well, giving the gaunt youths of the audience the courage to go on hating the world— while it was not exactly cathartic for me, that much fury was enjoyable for angry little me to be near, especially since I find the world more and more deserving of such hatred.

The band played for less than an hour before the electricity went out in the middle of a song— I was informed that the plug was pulled out on them, so all the skinny fans slunk out of Erdman,

under the gaze of Public Safety, which was out in force.

I was as entertained as I think I could have been on a Thursday night— this was, if nothing else, a fantastic excuse to procrastinate. And the more world-anger the better, I generally think. While I find that L7 may take themselves a bit too seriously, a terrible disease in anger-music, my interest in punk/thrash was rediscovered— I think I will trade in my acoustic guitar for an electric one and start a punk band. Ideas for a really pre-tentious name are welcome.

## It is 'basic instinct', just don't go

By Lara Goitein

Almost anyone who has seen Carolco's new movie, *Basic Instinct*, is willing to admit that the film may have the negative effect of romanticizing violent sex. As a naked couple engages in bondage and approaches climax, the woman (Sharon Stone) stabs the man with an icepick. The detective on the case (Michael Douglas) believes in her guilt but, nonetheless, allows himself to be tied by her in the same way during the same kind of sex.

It is his fear, he admits, which makes it "the fuck of the century." The same detective, with a new appreciation for the thrill of violence, goes home, hurls his adoring girlfriend against the wall, and forcibly has sex with her. Overcome by her own arousal, she responds passionately to the rape.

The night I saw the movie the audience was predominantly a high school crowd. I think it is likely that, out of the two hundred people in the audience, one of those sixteen year old boys went home and slammed his date against the wall, and that one of these sixteen year old girls thought she should like it.

What people are not so willing to admit is that this is a sexist movie. After all, the violence goes both ways— women against men, men against women. Women friends of mine told me that since the female protagonist was so powerful, deadly and brilliant, they did not think the movie was sexist— rather, it was a refreshing divergence from the stereotype of women as submissive, brainless, and blindly nurturing toward men.

It says something sad about this society in which women are so starved for the image of a powerful female protagonist that they can no longer be discrimi-

nating about the nature and use of that power. What these women forget is the second stereotype: woman as the diabolical and dark Other, capable of using her sexuality to drag evil from even the most innocent of men— the Temptress.

This stereotype is as old as Aphrodite, witchcraft and the scarlet letter, and we see it everyday today in rape trials in which the rapists are exonerated from their crime by the clothes the victim was wearing. To welcome the power of the female protagonist in *Basic Instinct* as something new and refreshing is to ignore the dangers of one stereotype, for the sake of a moment of relief from the other.

Sharon Stone plays the Temptress in *Basic Instinct*, in the role of Catherine Tramell. True, Nick Curran, the detective played by Michael Douglas, already shows hints of a dark side before he meets her— we understand that he has been involved

in more accidental shootings of innocent bystanders than most cops. However, he appears to be tormented by guilt over these deaths, and we believe he is innocent of any culpability.

Enter the Temptress, who casts a whole new light on these killings, convincing both Curran and us that he found secret enjoyment in shooting these people. Originally angered by her comments, Curran is too fascinated by Catherine's dark, dangerous sexuality to stay away from her. He finally goes to bed with her and, by implication, with his own dark and perverse side. He even begins smok-

ing and drinking again.

Catherine's previous male lover has been her victim. However, Nick Curran is no ordinary man. Rather, he is uniquely able to stand up to the Temptress because he is able to harness his own dark side and use it to dominate the woman who originally dragged it out of him. "I already love you," he tells her. "But I'll nail you anyway." He demands her attention when he jabs his hand between her legs at a dance club; she smiles and her eyes glow as he twists her arm behind her back.

When the woman in the first scene stabs her lover with the icepick, the murder follows sex in which the woman is on top and pushes her fingers into her lover's greedy mouth. The first time Catherine and Nick have sex parallels this scene. However, the second time, Nick pins her down, forces himself on top, and puts his fingers in her mouth. Finally, in one significant scene, the two side by side— they have each met their match.

Catherine's lesbian lover Roxy (Curran snidely calls her "Rocky") realizes that Nick has been different from Catherine's other male lovers (after all, Catherine hasn't killed him) and tries to kill Nick herself. Instead, symbolically, she is the one killed in the chase— Nick has beat Roxy by mastering Catherine.

Catherine herself realizes that she has been conquered when she reaches the end of her novel (she always writes about

her murders before or after they are committed) and cannot kill off her detective character. Her novel ends instead with the death of the detective's partner. But in the last scene of the movie, when Catherine and Nick are in bed, the camera pans in on the icepick on the floor. We realize that Catherine is still trying to kill Nick but has not yet been able to, and that Nick must never for one second release his control over her.

If all art conveys a message about the whole based on its treatment of the specific, then the message is clear: in order to destroy a woman's hatred of men (perversely represented by lesbianism) and to remain safe from her, a man must keep his guard up and dominate her dark side with his own. It is arguable that some art may focus on the anomalous for its own sake, and not intend a generalized message.

However, in this movie several aspects create a sense of universality. Four women characters appear in the movie: Catherine Tramell, her girlfriend Roxy, an older woman friend of Catherine's, and Beth, Nick's previous girlfriend. The first three are almost certainly killers— both Roxy and the older woman have criminal records for sudden, unexplained murders. The first two are lesbians and the third is presumed to be one, also. The impression is that there is a sort of gang of lesbian killers, possibly under the tutelage of the older woman.

Suddenly we realize that even Beth, who has appeared to be a sweet, heterosexual, girl-next-door-type, may be part of this gang. First we see a hint of her animalistic dark side, both during her rape and when she later loses her temper and flies at Nick in a rage. Second, we realize that Catherine knows information to which only Beth had access. Then

see *Basic Instinct* on page 11

"[This movie uses]  
the second  
stereotype: woman  
as the diabolical  
and dark  
Other..."



# ART & ENTERTAINMENT GRAPHIC

## Lord's deconstruction of *Death of a Salesman*

By Alessandra Djurklou

A large wire mesh construction in the form of a house is in front of me, a house surrounded by a sea of black plastic, bespattered with empty aluminum cans. White painted telegraph poles (which can nicely double as crosses as well) flank the wire walls, their twins and triplets going off into the distance, making the house a brief pause in the long road into infinity. Further back, at another stop along this road, is a car, one of those large, American cars that have come to be associated with the American dream...

A tortured image from my subconscious? No, it is the set of *Death of a Salesman*, the newest deconstructionist extravaganza from theater director Mark Lord.

As I sit through the production, listening to its neverending soundtrack of music taken from *The Road*, by Fellini, selected pieces of kitsch, watching five Willy Lomans cavorting, images of brick walls and socks projected on screens behind them, I wonder: Would Arthur Miller turn in his grave? That is, of course, if he is really dead... And I find myself once again treating this production as an offspring with chosen echoes of its mother.

The main strengths in this production (as is usually the case in Mark Lord's work), were the visual images. This salesman is a visual treat. However, other aspects, such as the continuous music coupled with the either exaggerated, ponderous or monotone delivery of lines did not work as well, for the music was

often too loud and the voices too low, making it very irritating to listen to them.

This garble became even worse near the end of the piece, where several scenes had been fused together. Visually, it was fine. Otherwise, it was a mess. This disorder ruins the build in this piece and made the ending abrupt and unsatisfying.

The allusions to vampirism were fun but not well integrated too obvious, too stilted, making the ending ridiculous - an obvious attempt to put in that extra little bit of deep commentary that one would later discuss in awed tones with other learned friends.

Of the five Willys, I thought Naomi Barr's was the best, probably because I could always hear her. Deborah Swedlow demonstrated strength in her character Linda (I am particularly impressed that she was able to smoke a cigar). Andrew Pearlman, as Happy, encompassed the ideals of vapid youth very well. The set and the tech work kept up the always impeccable standards of past productions.

I see this *Salesman* as a work in progress. In deconstructing Miller's work and putting it back together again, Mark Lord has overlooked some of the parts that made the production work in the first place, mainly the text. It may be better to remove the words instead of burying them under music and mumbling, and stick to the visual images these words evoke. Or else make sure that the words' impact is equal to that of the image. The shape the creature has now does not ensure life—however, it is still interesting and, in many ways, brilliant.



## The Susman lean mean movie machine section

### *The concert booker, the singer, and their loves*

By Megan Susman

Although loosely based on actual events, *Hear My Song* is anything but realistic. This quirky, romantic, unpretentious movie is about love, and the lengths to which some people will go to get it.

The main character is Micky O'Neill (Adrian Dunbar), a concert booker trying desperately to hold on to his club, booking acts like "Franc Sinatra" in an attempt to draw crowds. Meanwhile, he is unable to verbalize his love for Nancy (Tara Fitzgerald); when they are making love, she cries, "I love you, Micky," and he passionately replies, "Vice versa! Vice versa!"

Micky books a man billing himself as "Mr. X—Is he or isn't he?", believing he is the famous Irish tenor Josef Locke. Locke was an immensely popular singer—“when he sings, the ladies weep”—who had to flee England 25 years earlier to avoid arrest for tax eva-

sion charges, leaving behind “a beautiful woman, a Jaguar sportscar, and a pedigree Dalmatian, all pining.” The beautiful woman is Cathleen Doyle, Nancy's mother (Shirley-Anne Field).

Micky discovers Mr. X (William Hootkins) is a fraud, but nonetheless sends him on a date with Cathleen, trying to get in her good graces. The plan backfires, and Nancy is furious.

To redeem himself, Micky sets off to Ireland to find the real Josef Locke, as-

sisted by his friend Fintan. They find Locke (Ned Beatty), and, using Cathleen as bait, Micky is able to persuade Locke to give one comeback performance at the club. The police, led by the obsessive Jim Abbott (David McCallum) appear at the performance...but I won't spoil the ending for you.

The film is a little odd, a little mystical, a little goofy, but thoroughly engaging. All the characters are charming. Both sets of lovers, Jo and Cathleen and Micky

and Nancy, are wonderfully portrayed by very able actors. There are touching moments, and moments of laugh-out-loud silliness (as when Fintan and Micky get lost in Ireland—Fintan soberly advises Micky to turn his jacket inside out, adding with a straight face at Mickey's look of surprise, “The faeries. They're bastards.”). In short, it's a lot like love.

Rating: 3.5 out of 4.0 Now playing at Ritz at the Bourse

## Why arguing is good for your career

By Megan Susman

As my thesis-writing and job-hunting get harder, my choice of movies becomes less discriminating. I no longer look for movies with social commentary; Joe Pesci falling flat on his back in red Alabama mud is good enough for me. I am sufficiently indiscriminate to go see a movie called *My Cousin Vinny*.

The movie begins with Bill (Ralph Macchio, the Karate Kid himself) and Stan (Mitchell Williams), two buddies headed to college by way of the Deep South, being arrested in Alabama for murder in a fairly unbelievable case of mistaken identity. Unable to afford anyone but family, Bill hires his cousin to represent him and Stan. Enter Vinny (Joe Pesci), professional arguer, debunker of magicians, and a practicing lawyer for nearly six weeks.

Confronted with his first case and a judge (Fred Gwynne, a.k.a. Herman

Munster) who is a stickler for the sort of procedure Vinny knows nothing about, the lawyer spends almost as much time in jail as his clients. Of course, in the end he wins the case, but only after accepting the much-offered help of his sharp, snappy girlfriend, Lisa (Marisa Tomei).

The movie is the time-worn fish-out-of-water formula, with New Yorkers Vinny and Lisa confronting the residents of Wahoo City, Alabama. Both Pesci and Tomei, however, give great comic performances which save the movie. Fred Gwynne is also good as the humorless judge who acts more like a schoolteacher.

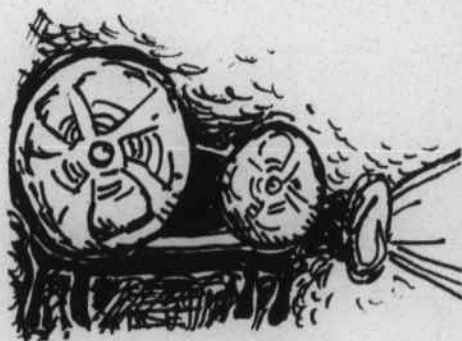
Joe Pesci has got to be one of the most versatile actors around today. He can go from an Oscar-winning turn as the psycho killer in *Goodfellas*, to the annoying money-launderer in *Lethal Weapon 2*, to the just plain weird wig-sporting David Ferrie in *JFK*, to...well, to this. Even with fairly uninspired material, Pesci shows a wonderful talent for comedy. Hope-

fully, he'll get better comedy roles. Note to Pesci fans, if there are any out there besides me: he'll soon be appearing in *Lethal Weapon 3* (yes, three), presumably reprising his role as the “Okay, okay, okay. Okay? Okay, okay, okay!” guy.

As Mona Lisa Vito, Marisa Tomei is a real find. She is sharp and sarcastic, and while she may dress like a mall chick from hell, she certainly does not act like one. It seemed to me that she would make a better lawyer than Vinny; in any event, she's the one who provides the crucial evidence that lets him win the case.

The movie's humor is pretty broad, often resorting to slapstick, but it's good, if unbelievable, entertainment. Pesci won't win any Oscars for this role, but he is great fun to watch.

Rating: 3.0 out of 4.0 (as I get more stressed, I also get more generous)





# Lady Oracle

The Aries Mawrter and her relationships with:

**Aries:** The enthusiastic, impulsive Mawrter ram will instantly be attracted to this kindred spirit. Both of them need love and affection, and both are capable of giving loyalty and affection. They will understand and trust each other, and neither of them will suffer from ennui in the relationship.

Any storms in the teacup of this relationship, however, could spring from the mutual Arian inability to see the other person's point of view, and also the inability on the part of each to give the other the gentle handling that each of them needs. At its worst, this relationship could set off enough sparks to kindle a bonfire for Guy Faulk's day—with one or both rams either burning in it, or left permanently scarred because of it.

**Taurus:** Picture a fiery ram charging into a solid bull with its feet planted firmly in the ground...With the Aries determination and Taurus obstinacy, the skirmishes between the Aries Mawrter and her Taurean friends may well degenerate into just such a stalemate.

But, on the other hand, at its best, this relationship could lead to a deep sense of security for both parties. The Taurus steadiness has a soothing effect on the bundle of fire and brimstone that is the typical Aries Mawrter. And since both signs demand and give complete faithfulness, if they accept each other and learn to reach a compromise, the relationship could be a successful and satisfying one.

**Gemini:** This is a relationship that is very likely to prosper. The determined, self-willed Ram will find it easy to get along with the mutable Twin. Both are restless and energetic, but the Aries will help channel the scattered Gemini energy (hopefully into constructive channels). They will respect each other's strong need for independence, and neither will attempt to hold the other down.

Problems may arise, however, because while the Aries Mawrter will demand complete loyalty and fidelity, the Gemini will find it difficult to give such complete faithfulness. And the Ram, who

finds a certain degree of jealousy in her mate flattering, might find the Twin's total lack of possessive jealousy annoying, while the Twin will resent any attempt a possessive Ram makes to pin it down. But, with a little bit of understanding on both sides, this relationship should go with a swing.

**Cancer:** It's somewhat difficult to have any relationship with someone who doesn't even speak the same language as yourself. And the Aries Mawrter will have a definite communication barrier with the Crab. The Crab's element is water, and hey, it's kind of ludicrous picturing a Ram charging around on a beach. The Crab craves security, and finds the Ram's breathless pace dizzying. Moreover, both are cardinal signs, and both must lead—the Ram in a more blatant, apparent manner, and the Crab in a quiet subtle way. Result: a power struggle. Their approaches to life are different. The Ram charges around with a vibrant energy, while the Crab clings tenaciously. And fire and water can destroy each other.

However, if the Ram stops charging around for long enough, and the Crab emerges out of its shell for long enough for the two of them to actually communicate, they may even find something in common. The Ram, for all its apparent toughness, is very vulnerable and sensitive, while the Crab, under its tough shell, is a quivering, soft mass of sensitivity. And if the two realize that, and handle each other with gentleness, putting together the Cancerian caution with the Arian faith, they could make this relationship something beautiful.

**Leo:** One big merry bon-fire here! The Aries Mawrter, despite her own ego, is perfectly willing to shower compliments onto those she loves and admires, and the Lion is capable of giving the Ram all the love and affection it craves. They both have insecurities hidden under tough yet warm exteriors, and are similar enough to understand and reassure each other. They are both dynamic, and enjoy living life to the fullest.

**BUT!** Sorry, there is a major "BUT" here. Remember, both signs are leaders, and both are used to commanding—and both hate being commanded. However, for peace, the Aries Mawrter will have to pander to the Leonine ego—a thing which she will have to swallow her own ego to do. She will have to stop bragging herself—and the Ram rather

enjoys talking about her own greatness—and listen to the Lion talk about its own achievements. And she will have to accept the rather freely given advice from the Lion, and keep in mind that it really springs from the Lion's genuine affection and concern for her. Otherwise there will certainly be royal battles in this relationship, and it will degenerate into a stormy ego clash. Which would be a pity in a relationship which could benefit both parties so much.

**Virgo:** Here the Aries Mawrter has found someone who is her opposite in many ways. The Ram is impulsive and governed by her emotions, while the Virgoan is cautious and governed by her head. The Aries is too careless and impatient to bother with details, while the

Virgo is a meticulous perfectionist. Aries are airy optimists, while Virgos worry. Virgos can give Aries frostbite, while Aries can exasperate Virgos.

But for all their differences, there can be a lot of security in this relationship. The Aries enthusiasm, combined with the Virgo meticulousness and attention to detail can result in an excellent working team. On an emotional level, the Aries Mawrter's warmth can thaw the Virgo, and help her open up, and shed a lot of her inhibitions. And they will give each other the loyalty and honesty that both of them need in a relationship.

**Libra:** These two signs are in opposition, and each has what the other lacks. The Libran charm and sweetness has a soothing effect on the Aries Mawrter. And the Aries, who makes impulsive decisions and later regrets them, can learn much from the Libran deliberation before making a decision. The Libra will handle the Aries with all the love and affection she craves, while the Aries decisiveness may have a beneficial effect on the Libra.

However, an aggressive Ram could threaten the Libra stability, and this could seriously threaten the relationship. And the Libra need to conserve energy, and not waste it unnecessarily, may be incomprehensible to the Ram.

**Scorpio:** Scorpio must possess and rule in any relationship. And the self-willed Aries Mawrter will do her best not to be possessed. Ultimately, unless the two reach a compromise, the invincible Scorpio will rule—but rule a sulky, reluctant Ram. And there will be rather a lot of sparks flying—and a lot of broken china—before the Ram gives in. Aries will have to learn that her bossiness will be of no avail against the Scorpio. And the Scorpio coldness will crush the Aries, with her need for affection.

But, on the other hand, the Aries can learn much from the Scorpio wisdom. And the Aries' warmth can thaw the Scorpio emotional coldness. Both signs demand and give fierce loyalty, and refuse to compromise on principals. And both signs are fiercely dedicated to winning.

**Sagittarius:** Both of these signs require see *Lady Oracle* on page 11



## Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I'm embarrassed to admit I've been secretly seeing a...boy for the last month. He's really great except he unabashedly admits his love of *Beverly Hills 90210*. I am tired of playing second fiddle on a Thursday night to a stupid, idiotic, teenybopper show. Every time I suggest going to see a speaker or a movie on Thursday night, he gives me his puppy dog eyes. "But honey, today's Thursday. Why can't we just cuddle in front of the TV?" he asks. Sometimes, I seriously question what I see in him. When I want to watch *L.A. Law*, he always comes up with some lame excuse. He'll say he's sorry but he has too much studying to do. How can I get him to respect my wishes?

A fed-up Mawrter

Dear Fed-Up,

Have you ever noticed how good looking Dylan is in those jeans—boy, that guy can sure wear those jeans. And Brenda, with her finely chiseled bone structure...

Hail to Mind Candy,  
Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I am a freshman who's totally stressed from this room draw nonsense. All my friends ever talk about is where they are going to live next year. I've totally had it. When you can't carry on a decent conversation at the dinner table, something has to go terribly wrong. O.K., this may be paranoid, but I'll probably end up with a priority number of 310 in a class of 311 people. I can see myself living in this dark rat-infested dungeon. No, I am not talking about Erdman, Louie Kahn's vision. Yueech! Maybe I should just transfer and avoid this sticky situation.

Desperately seeking shelter

Dear Desperately,

Have you ever explored the possibility of option 8 in room draw? You know, living off campus—with parents?

We all live in a yellow submarine...  
Ms. Hank

Supergirl City EAC '93 ©





# Dates Women Make

Through Wednesday, April 15

The easel paintings of Dean Hartung of Swarthmore College and the still life paintings of Ellen Hutchinson (the two artists are husband and wife) will be on exhibit at Swarthmore's List Gallery in the Lang Performing Arts Center, Wed. and Thurs., noon-3 p.m. and Sat. and Sun., 1-4 p.m. Call 328-8533 for info.

Thursday, April 9

Wahdue Ahmad and Major Jackson, authors of the newly released book, *Back to Africa with a White Woman*, will present an open reading at the 40th St. Underground, 4000 Spruce St. at 9 p.m. Call 382-POEM for info.

Bryn Mawr College Film Series presents "Smithereens", at 7:30 p.m. in Thomas 110.

Friday, April 10

Neighborhood Film/Video project presents "Homecomings," two documentary films from Australia and England, which portray the conflicting notions of women's roles, home and culture. At International House, 3701 Chestnut St., 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$6.

"Persephone in the Underworld", a performance art piece based on the Greek myth of Persephone by Lili White, including acting, original music, dancing and poetry. At 3601 Locust Walk (UPenn campus), 8 p.m. Admission is \$5. Call 334-4299 for info. (Shows also on Sat. and Sun. at Group Motion Theatre, 624 S. 4th St.)

Bryn Mawr Coffeehouse presents Folk/Worldbeat music from South Africa by Sharon Katz and Soweto Soul, CCC Main Lounge, 9-11 p.m. (If you can't make it, they'll be performing on Wednesday, April 15, at the Northwest Passage coffeehouse, Allen's Lane at McCallum St. Starts at 9 p.m. and admission is \$5.)

Saturday, April 11

Wellness Seminars: "Women's Worries, Infections and What You Should Know" in the Schwartz Gym, 10 a.m.-noon.

"Voices of Stream" celebrates the female connection to the earth with an evening of song and poetry at Miriam's Tambourine Women's Coffeehouse, Calvary Church, 48th and Baltimore Ave. Starts at 7:30 p.m. and admission is \$5.

Thursday, April 16

Bryn Mawr's Gia Hansbury, editor of *Red Tree*, will be giving a poetry reading at 40th St. Underground, 4000 Spruce St. at 9 p.m. Call 382-POEM for info.

Bryn Mawr College Film Series presents "Father of the Bride," at 7:45 and 10:00 p.m. in Thomas 110.

Thursday, April 23

Bryn Mawr College Film Series presents "Black Orpheus," at 7:45 and 10:00 p.m. in Thomas 110.

Friday, April 24

"Sins of Omission", autobiographical monologues by Holly Hughs, examine society in terms of motherhood, power and complicity towards racism and sexism. At the Painted Bride Art Center, 230 Vine St. Starts at 8 p.m. and admission is \$15. Call 925-9914 for info. Shows also on Sat. and Sun.



## Basic Instinct

continued from page 8

we learn that Beth has had a lesbian relationship with Catherine in the past.

Shockingly, darling Beth is a suspect for murder and possibly in cahoots with the lesbian-killer gang. At the end of the movie, we cannot be entirely sure who was responsible for the murders (although the icepick on the floor strongly suggests that Catherine is involved). It may have been any one of the women and it may have been a collaborative effort of some combination of them. After all, they are all connected by their lesbian relationships.

This vagueness, the fact that Roxy's and the older woman's previous crimes were completely unexpected and unexplained, and the startling suspiciousness of Beth, hint that all women—even the Beths of this world—may subconsciously or consciously be a part of a conspiracy of lesbian women who hate and kill men. The dark side of women lurks in us all, ready to erupt if it has not already gripped us fully, and to protect themselves, men must use their own dark side to vanquish ours.

In a world in which men and women already fear and resent one other, this movie can only widen the breach. In a world in which violence is already coupled with sex, this movie can only tighten the bond. In a world in which homophobia is rampant, this movie can only fan the flames. In a world in which men already dominate women through physical and psychological threats, this movie gives them carte blanche and well wishes.

I went to this movie for the same reasons you might—because I had heard there was good sex, because someone told me to "lighten up," and most of all, because I was morbidly curious. Mawrters, take my word for it—don't let your curiosity add to the financial success of a movie which paints us all so badly. Don't go.

## The International Students Association Annual Bazaar

date: Saturday 4/25/92

place: Merion Green

Live music, international food, and various jewelry vendors

*Lady Oracle*

continued from page 10

Sagittarius: Both of these signs require their independence, and in a relationship between the two, neither will feel cramped by the other. However, the Aries jealousy might get on the nerves of the footloose and fancy-free Archer, who cannot resist the occasional flirtation. In addition, Sagittarians have that famous tendency to be honest to a fault, which is not too good an idea around Arians, who have a bit of difficulty accepting the truth about themselves, especially if it isn't flattering.

Still, both signs have the ability to quickly forgive and forget, so that the outbursts resulting each time the Archer puts his or her foot in her mouth are easily smoothed out. And if the Ram learns to swallow her ego once in a while, the relationship between the two can be a very refreshing one, based on a bond of mutual trust and open affection.

Capricorn: Astrologically, this is one is a no-no. At least, almost. The Ram is passionate, impulsive and rather selfish—and, often, not very wise. The Goat is steady, determined, and wise beyond its years—and can often match the ram in selfishness. The Aries Mawrtyr thrives on warmth and affection, while the cool Capricorn is not given to demonstrations of any emotion, and may freeze even the fiery Aries. Add to that the Capricorn pessimism and the Arian's eternal optimism, and the relationship

does not end up looking too hopeful.

But if both sides is willing to work—hard—at the relationship, it could really go places. The cautious Goat is capable of keeping the rash Ram out of the fixes she is only too capable of getting herself into, and the Aries' ability to readily give affection can add warmth to her Capricornian's life, and perhaps teach her of the happiness that comes from the open sharing of love.

Aquarius: The first time Aries and Aquarius meet, a mutual fascination immediately draws them closer. Aquarians are attracted to anything new, and no self-respecting Ram could pass up the challenge posed by the unpredictable and wildly unconventional Water Bearer. The relationship has the potential to develop into a very unique one, based on a bond of natural sympathy. Both the Ram and the Water Bearer are signs that feel misunderstood by the rest of the world, and each can therefore offer the other great comfort and support.

However, problems may arise in the relationship due to the Ram's tendency to put herself above all else, which clashes with the Aquarian's extremely humanitarian nature. Also, the Aries Mawrtyr is prone to rather overwhelming bursts of emotion, while the cool and detached Aquarian is at a completely other extreme. But if the two are lucky, their relationship will have the result of teaching each of them the importance of bal-

ance between mind and emotion.

Pisces: Pisceans have an annoying (to the Aries Mawrtyr) habit of always altering the truth just a little bit. The Ram's technique of charging into life headlong, taking the straightest (i.e. shortest) path, just doesn't work for Pisceans, who need lots of twists and turns. As long as the Aries Mawrtyr understands that this is not so because Pisces wants it to be so, but because it's essential for their very existence, her relationship with Pisces will work quite well. Fish are gentle, submissive souls, and will happily accommodate the demanding nature of the Ram, as long as she doesn't go too far. Once the Ram has crossed the limit, the Fish will quickly slip-slide around her stomping hooves and swim away into the deep unknown, where the Aries Mawrtyr has no hope of ever finding her.

But usually, Arians have a strange instinctive understanding of the Piscean nature, and the Ram's warm and compassionate character comes fully out into the open around Pisces. Pisceans are drawn to this, as well as to the Arian innocence, and, through the Fish's natural sensitivity, are able to shelter the Aries Mawrtyr from the hurt to which she is so very vulnerable. This bond could grow into a very special one, with each complementing the other's nature and approach to life.

—Smriti Belbase and Sabeena Saleh





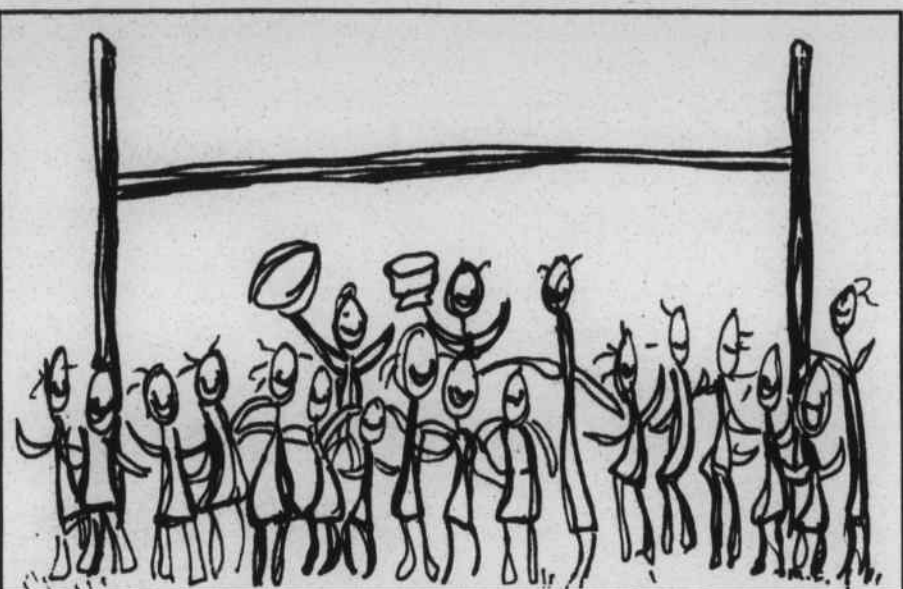
# Horned Toads sweep Virginia Women's Invitational Tournament

By Nadine Allaf

The information for this article was compiled by Eden Feuer and Angie Corcetti.

This past weekend, our bi-college Rugby club participated in the Virginia Women's Invitational Tournament. Of the fourteen teams present, the Horned Toads were ranked twelfth. The tournament began on the fourth of April, with the Toads scheduled to play Old Dominion University. However, Old Dominion did not have enough players and the Toads won by forfeit. Their second game of the day was versus Cornell. They blew Cornell away 44 to zero. Winning these games allowed the Toads to advance from their initial bracket to the semifinals.

On Sunday, the Horned Toads faced James Madison University, who had also advanced from their bracket to the semifinals. After a very tough game, our women defeated them 4 to zero. Later that day, the Toads went up against the University of Vermont in the final game. Vermont was in the top bracket compared the Toads' low standing; however, after a intense game, our Horned Toads won 16 to 14.



**Forays into Fencing is holding a tournament on Sunday, 4/12/92, at 12pm in Schwartz Gymnasium. Please come & watch. Anyone interested in participating (minimal weapon experience necessary), call**

**x5446**

## Pictorial Sports Shorts Pictorial Sports Lacrosse Tennis



PHOTOS BY KATHLEEN CARROLL & AMY CAMARER

## Pictorial Sports Shorts Pictorial Sports